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Notice.

Subscribers are informed that a Quarter's Subscription to Christmas, 1845, is now due, and they are respectfully requested to forward the same as early as possible.

Something about Brussels.

(Continued from our last.)

PERHAPS there is not in Europe a more agreeable town than Brussels. Covering a less extended area than Liege, Ghent, or Bruges, it has a larger population, and ten times the resources of either. The *triste* air for which most of the towns in Belgium are remarkable, is by no means a property of Brussels, which, in many respects, indeed, may be aptly designated a Paris in miniature. We are ashamed to say, however, that during our recent sojourn of six weeks, being more interested in persons than in things, we saw little but the outsides of the various public monuments, that at any other period would have almost exclusively commanded our attention. Still—though we sought not interiors, and sinfully neglected enquiring about the matters curious and historical, in which Brussels abounds—the necessary experience of daily walks, and hourly passings by, gave us a tolerable notion of the general aspect of the town, and the more palpable characteristics of its inhabitants. A great feature of Brussels is its air of extreme cheerfulness, in which it surpasses almost any town we ever visited. When sunshine prevails, and the park, and streets, and places are crowded, nothing can be more brilliant and lively. Whether you are walking on the *Boulevard Botanique*, a mile in length, stretching from the *Porte de Schaerbeek*, down to the *Allée verte*—whether you are in the *Rue Royale*, one of the longest and finest streets in the world, extending from the *Hotel de Bellevue*, and the *Palais du Roi*, as far as the *Boulevard* above mentioned, immediately facing the same *Porte*, and involving in its course one entire side of the park, the statue of General Somebody, who was killed somewhere,

and the Panorama of Brussels, so called, where the entire lower department of the town, with the cathedral, churches, and other monuments, is seen from an eminence—whether you are in the *Grand Place*, or market, where Count Egmont was beheaded, teeming with quaint Spanish edifices, and towering above all, the *Hotel de Ville*, with its grotesque and crooked, though wonderfully striking, minaret, the architect of which, it is said, cut his throat in despair for the one-sidedness of his monumental offspring—or in the *Place de la Monnaie*, with the theatre, and the *Bourse*, and the *Café des trois Suisses*, and the *Café des Mille Colonnes*, and the *Hotel des Princes*, which historifies the sojourn of General Tom Thumb and the Sisters Milanollo—or in the *Place de l'Eglise de St. Gudule*, with its fifty turnings, which would bother a six-months' resident in Brussels—or in the *Place Royale*, which crowns the *Montagne de la Cour*, stands side by side with the park, and conceals in its entrails the *Musée*, which in its turn embowels the *Exposition des tableaux*—or in the *Rue de la Madeleine*, the Oxford-street of Brussels, with its multitude of shops and warehouses, swarming with pretty Flemish and Walloon maidens, who cannot speak a word even of Belgian French, and with dapper Belgian youths, who strangely accentuate the *Francois francois* (the Belgian is to the French as the Irish to the English)—whether in one, or any, or all, or none (for there are many more places than we have noted), of these—the bustle of the anxious crowd, the glitter of the variegated shops, the pleasant irregularity of the houses, the eternal ascending and descending (since one half of Brussels is on a hill, and one half in a vale—so to speak), the thousand *et ceteras*, better to be felt than described, give one a notion of actual and busy life, at once vivid in its reality, and picturesque in its colouring. Or if you would be solitary, if you would think and talk only to yourself, there is the *Allée Verte*, with its limitless double avenue of trees—or *Tivoli*, with its quiet, unobtrusive rusticity—and a dozen suburban refuges, where only an occasional stroller, forlorn like yourself, can interrupt your reflections, or offend your solitude, by his momentary presence. And then at night, the theatres, the *estaminets*, and

the *cafes*, brilliantly lighted, give another aspect to the whole, and one not a wit less life-like and exciting—though long before midnight; (unlike the day-scoring of our modern Babylon) all is quiet, and the entire town of Brussels is as the tranquil *Allée Verte*. We have experienced all this in solitude, when unprejudiced reflection gave due solemnity to judgment—with gay and gloom-disdaining companions, who transmogrified the whole into a reeling phantasmogoria—and in such single and incomparable society as made of all a fairy dream, throwing over it the shadow of its own brightness, and rendering it only less beautiful than itself. Yes, dear reader, we have seen Brussels in every mood, under every aspect, till it has become as familiar to us—aye, and as dear to us—as a scene of our childhood, or of our earliest dreaming youth; not easily will it be effaced from our memory!

Though, fairly worn out by the excitement of the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, and the events connected with it, we rather courted repose than movement, during our stay in Brussels; still we saw and heard enough to show us that music is by no means a dead letter there. Our friends Schott and Jules de Glimes made us acquainted with several of the most distinguished artists, for which we own ourselves greatly indebted to them. As we have already mentioned Kufferath, we shall say a few words about him to commence.

Kufferath is a Prussian by birth, though he has for sometime taken up his residence at Brussels. He studied the pianoforte and composition under Mendelssohn, at Leipsic, and was a fellow student of young Charles Horsley, with whom he is on terms of friendly intimacy, and for whose talent he entertains the highest esteem. Kufferath is known to the public by his published works—the admirable studies, of which we have already spoken, and several caprices and fantasias. He has also composed a pianoforte quartet in F major, a pianoforte trio in E minor, and an overture in D. Of these only the trio is published. We have heard them all, and are glad to recognise, amidst a strong resemblance to similar compositions by Mendelssohn, (and especially the overture, which strangely recalls the "*Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*"), a very high musical feeling, a charming fancy, and a knowledge of detail that betrays the accomplished musician. Kufferath is, moreover, an excellent pianist, and his works are skilfully adapted to the character of the pianoforte, in which particular perhaps no living writer excels him. To conclude, he is a very young (though already married) man, and that he will eventually achieve a lofty position in his art, can hardly admit of a doubt. Kufferath is in high favour with the well known De Beriot, professor of the violin at the *Conservatoire*. Report, indeed, hazards the supposition, that our young German arranges for the orchestra,

and generally puts into shape, the concertos, and other compositions of the celebrated violinist—but how far this may be true, we cannot undertake to say.

It is scarcely necessary for us to speak of Fétis, Professor of Counterpoint in the *Conservatoire*, though assuredly he ranks among the first musical notabilities of Brussels. The writings of this distinguished musician and man of letters, have made him almost as well known in Paris, London, and in every part of Germany, as in his own birth-place. Some may disapprove of his theory, as visionary and ill-explained—others may accuse him of prejudices in his criticisms on living artists, to many of whom he gives undue preponderance, while to others he scarcely renders the narrowest justice—others may complain of the acerbity of tone he not seldom assumes in his controversial writings—others of an egotism, but thinly veiled under an affectation of modesty—others of twenty faults incident to humanity, and therefore not surprising in a musical theorist—but none can deny his great learning, his prodigious research, and his indefatigable perseverance in sifting all records extant that may be applied to the history of art and artists. Those who knew Fétis intimately, speak of him with enthusiasm—those who have studied harmony and composition under his *surveillance* (as for instance Jules de Glimes), declare him to be the first of masters, the clearest of expounders, the minutest of detailers. Artists visiting Brussels from foreign countries have, invariably, reason to be pleased with the courtesy and hospitality of Fétis—consult Vincent Wallace on this head—and no musician who ever conversed with him, but left him with the conviction of having talked to a man of rare intelligence and extraordinary erudition. Let us then accept the good, and throw a veil over the equivocal parts of the artistic character of Fétis, and we shall be hardly able to withhold admiration from his brilliant qualities. As a man, we believe, he will scarcely find one detractor, even in the world of musical artists, who, more than all other artists, are remarkable for bickerings, jealousies, exclusiveness, and ill feeling towards each other—with much regret we are forced to admit the fact.

J. W. D.

(*The sequel in our next.*)

The Abergavenny Eisteddfod.

This long anticipated festival, which commenced on the 16th, has passed off with a brilliancy exceeding by far any previous meeting that has been held in Wales for many years. "The *Eisteddfod*" to quote the words of a contemporary—"is different in its object from the Musical Festivals of England,

whose design is, generally speaking, either charity or ordinary festivity. The venerable *Eisteddfod* of the Welsh was in olden time, a congress of all the poets and minstrels of the country, attended and presided over by the princes and nobles of the land; it was also a depositary for national oral record; and though falling infinitely short of the plans of the present *Eisteddfod*, the glorious Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England, appears as far as possible to have imitated the customs of her Welsh ancestors during her progress and commemorations in England."—The objects of the *Cymreigydion* (*cymreig*, Welsh,—*gydion*, men—Welshmen) are the restoration of any relics of ancient Cambrian literature, and the encouragement of literature generally, including history, science, poetry, Welsh music—more immediately in reference to the revival of the beautiful melodies of antiquity—the more general use of the national triple-stringed Welsh harp, and the encouragement of Welsh manufactures—to these has been added the patronage of sculpture, and one of the great prizes at the *Eisteddfod* to be held in 1848 will be for this object. To give the reader an idea of the Welsh poets *preceding* the age of Chaucer, we subjoin the following lines from "Davydd of Gwyline,"—It is an invocation to the sky-lark—

" Oh ! wilt thou climb yon Heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height ;
Thou interlude of melody,
Twist darkness and the light—

And seek, with Heaven's first dawn upon thy crest
My lady-love, the moonbeam of the west ?"

" No woodland caroller art thou ;
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,
Thy music in the sky :
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song."

However astounding it may appear, that very difficult and chromatic music may be played on the Welsh triple-stringed harp, yet true it is, that Parry, the celebrated blind harper of Wynnsley, and his son, used to perform several of Handel's choruses in the presence of King George the Third some fifty years ago—Handel was so struck with the effects produced by the Welsh harp, that he introduced that instrument in some of his oratorios—among other things, the songs "Tune your harps," "Praise the Lord with cheerful voice," in *Esther*, and "Hark he strikes the golden lyre," in *Alex. Balus*, were expressly arranged by Handel, with an obligato part for the Welsh harp. The ceremonies of the *Eisteddfod* began with a procession from the town of Abergavenny, to meet the president, Sir Benjamin Hall, and his party in the procession, which was preceded by a military band; there were several large cars with platforms decorated with evergreen, &c., &c.,—one contained twelve harpers, another a weaver at his loom, a third a printer at his press—the latter struck off on cards, which were thrown to the crowd, the address to the president. For nearly a mile the road was literally crammed with carriages and people, collected to witness the procession. It would be impossible in a limited space to enter into any of the details of this interesting festival, we must therefore hasten to the proceedings in the hall. Sir Benjamin Hall and his party consisting of Dwarkanauth Tagore, the Danish and Sardinian Ministers, Lady Hall, Lady Morgan (the Irish anthoress), and several persons of distinction connected with the principality, arrived at the hall about twelve. The concourse of persons assembled here was immense, and notwithstanding the enlargement of

the building, the pressure was very great. The interior was decorated with various national emblems, and amongst other features, we must not omit the admirable statue of Taliesin, the ancient bard, by Mr. Wm. Jones, of Merthyn. After the address from the chair the business of the day commenced. As our province is to report subjects more immediately connected with the object of our work, we cannot find space for the various admirable speeches uttered during the proceedings. On the first and second day, upwards of sixty prizes were awarded. The principal prize of eighty guineas was given to the Rev. T. Price, for an *Essay upon the Ancient Literature of Wales*; the announcement caused the greatest satisfaction. Dr. Pritchard, of Bristol, was the umpire. The principal harp prizes were awarded to Miss Goodall, of Monmouth, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Jones. The prizes for the best Welsh air, and for the best variations on an old Welsh melody were given to Mr. Gralian, of Merthyr, and to Mr. Davies of Gelly Gaer. Besides, these many other prizes were awarded for solo and part singing, and for other harp performances. To enter into a full description would occupy several columns. Soon after the commencement of the business, on the second day, Mr. H. Brinley Richards, (who had been appointed by the committee as the umpire of the musical prizes,) arose to read his report upon the manuscript compositions, which we subjoin entire.

Mr. Richards' Adjudication of the Musical Prizes.

" Ere I enter into any observations concerning the composition which have been submitted to me, I think I should not omit to state publicly, that in my conclusions I have been much indebted to the assistance of my excellent friend Mr. John Parry, whose services in the cause of Welsh Music require no eulogy from me, and who still volunteers to take a deep interest in every subject connected with the Melodies of Wales. I should not omit also to make mention of the services which have been more recently rendered to Welsh Music by the industry and talent of Miss Williams, of Merpergwm. I will now proceed with my opinions of the compositions.—I have received fourteen manuscripts from the competitors for the prizes of the Abergavenny Cymreigydion Society! Of this number eight consist of original airs, and six of variations upon the subject "Ar hyd y Nos," mentioned in the twenty-fifth number of prizes. There is much talent exhibited in the original melodies, though the effect is often confused from the manner in which the harmonies are arranged. This generally arises either through carelessness on the part of the writer, or from a neglect of that study without which all the effects of harmony would be destroyed. This study, termed by musicians thorough-bass, or the science of harmony, may be called with propriety the grammar of music, as it is as necessary to music as grammar is to language. The composition of a melody, and the arrangement of it with harmonies, are two distinct operations—melody may be a simple effort of nature, but the power of adapting with chords is not to be attained without some previous knowledge of the laws of harmony, and it is to the want of such knowledge that so many errors are to be attributed in the various compositions which have been submitted to the committee. There is considerable merit in the composition by "Myrddin," and the writer of "Hen Cymro" affords proof of his knowledge of the peculiar construction of some of the old Welsh airs. The authors of the airs called "Cymro Bach" and "Deryn Gwent" must not be forgotten, as they possess much merit. In two compositions the writers have evidently mistaken the intention of the committee. The prize, No. 25, is to be given for the best new Welsh air, in three parts, *for the harp*, and not in three parts *for voices*: by three parts the committee mean *three strains*, and not three harmonious combinations of sounds. The authors, therefore, of "O dere i'r goedwig," and "Y delyn Gymreig," are inadmissible. The writer of a "Welsh air in three parts," and signed "Tydvil," has displayed much originality in his composition. It possesses a happy imitation of the melodies peculiar to our national music, and seems in every way most entitled to the society's prize. (This was awarded to Mr. T. Gratián, master of the Cyfartha band, Merthyr.) In mentioning the manuscripts for the prize for the best variations on "Ar hyd y Nos," I must remark that the variations by

"Cymro" display much ingenuity and talent, though they are not altogether for the Welsh harp. It may be as well to observe here, that the attempts to amalgamate the peculiarities of the *Pedal* with those of the *Welsh harp* is *invariably ineffective*. The characteristics of the instruments are *totally opposed* to each other, and the experiment of grafting the style of the *Pedal* harp upon the Welsh, can only end in depriving the latter of all that wild quaintness of expression, which renders it so singularly pleasing to every admirer of the Welsh harp as a truly national instrument. The variations by "Coesau Herion," contain some effective passages and are entitled to praise. The variations signed "Altud," exhibit considerable talent and invention—the variations are deficient in those eccentric harmonies which characterise some of the other compositions, and are for that reason so much the better adapted for the resources of the Welsh harp. These variations are, therefore, recommended to the attention of the committee as being most worthy of the prize."

The successful competitor was Mr. David Davies, harper, of Galligaer. During the proceedings of the meeting, the Rev. T. Price read the royal patent, appointing Mr. Bassett Jones, of Cardiff, harp-maker to the royal family. The dinner was given on the first day at the Angel Hotel; on the second, at the Greyhound. The attendance was very numerous. The week's festivities concluded with a brilliant ball on Friday evening. The next Eisteddfod will be held in 1848; the subscriptions already received are very numerous.

The Princess's Theatre.

KING LEAR.

THE Tragedy of "King Lear" has been brought out at the Princess's with great effect and much care. The text of Shakspere has been closely followed, with, perhaps, a few necessary alterations and omissions. Among the alterations, however, we can hardly recognise the dramatic cogency that would substitute an additional scene on the heath for the chamber in the farm-house, at the end of the third act; nor do we see the propriety of the change made in Gloster's supposititious leap from the cliff. In the omissions we find some of the most exquisite passages of the play, as, for example, that wherein the gentleman acquaints Kent with Cordelia's demeanour on hearing of her father's affliction. Let us quote it:—

"Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?"

"Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen Over her passion; who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her."

"Kent. O, then it mov'd her!"

"Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove, Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sun-shine and rain at once; her smiles and tears Were like a better day: those happy smiles, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes: which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropp'd'd.—In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all—

"Kent. Made she no verbal question?"

"Gent. Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of *father* Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried, *sisters, sisters, —shame of ladies, sisters!*

"Kent, *father, sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?*

"Let pity not be believ'd!—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamour moisten'd: then away she started To deal with grief alone."

Cordelia's scene with the Physician in the fourth act, so full of intense pathos and passionate grief, is also entirely left out. This is not well. We have already too little of this most heavenly creation, and would not willingly lose a jot of the part. The excision is neither wise nor well called for. With these exceptions we have little to find fault with in the production of this sublime drama.

It has always been to us a matter of amazement how Dr. Johnson could defend the sacrilegious emasculation of this tragedy in the hands of that impotent harlequin, Nahum Tate; or that the public could have endured for more than half a century so foul and iniquitous a substitution. Dr. Johnson upheld it on the score of its superior moral tendency, deeming it more subservient to the purposes of poetical justice to have the king restored to life and his throne, and Cordelia to happiness and love. Surely this is pulling down the noble aspirations of tragedy to the flickering compensations of melodrama. Why did not the great philologist advance the same objections to "Othello," which he pronounced perfect. Did not poetical justice, according to his views, demand the commutation of Desdemona's terrible fate, and a fiendish death to Iago commemorated on the stage? How would this have benefitted the awful inculcations of this mighty drama? This straining after a moral tagged, like a tail to the end of a play, may be allowable in writers of stories for babes, but is surely incompatible with the yearnings of the poet who follows nature into the depths of her inscrutable mysteries, and sets her magic seal upon his page, nor tasks her why and wherefore. King Lear restored to life! O, most vile profanation! Are we imagining too much in supposing Shakspere himself anticipated, and wished to preclude such strangulation of his omnipotent work, when he makes Kent say, leaning over the dead king, in answer to Edgar's "Look up, my lord."

"Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him, That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer."

How just is Charles Lamb's indignation, when speaking of Nahum Tate's alteration, he cries out—"Yes, he put his hooks in the nostrils of the mighty Leviathan and drew him after him like a showman."

To Edmund Kean we are in the first place indebted for the restitution of Shakspere's King Lear to the stage. This was undoubtedly the greatest benefaction of his life to the drama. But the tragedian stopt short; Shakspere's text was not rigidly adhered to, and it remained for Macready to present the drama in its present unamalgamated purity. The original text has now and for ever taken hold of the stage, and Tate has sank into his merited degradation. Let his "King Lear" rot in the same oblivious sepulchre with Dryden's "Tempest."

"King Lear" has been received at the Princess's theatre with the greatest applause, and has increased in interest at each repetition. Almost all the parts have been well apportioned and felicitously sustained. We cannot award too much praise to Mrs. Ternan's Regan, nor to Mr. Wallack's Edgar. Mrs. Ternan's scene, in the second act, with her father, was painfully natural. The character is horribly repulsive, and the artist who truthfully pourtrays it, must necessarily excite some disgust. Nothing could be more cold-blooded than the

manner in which she receives the old King's caresses, and her reply—

"O, sir, you are old:
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her prime;"

Sent a thrill throughout the house. Her part throughout was excellently played. Mr. Wallack was very effective in "Poor Tom." He was not sufficiently disguised as the madman. We missed the matted locks and "the face grimed with filth" of poor Elton. These are indeed small faults; but faults that may be easily amended, deserve to be reprehended. Mr. Wallack's Edgar was the best we have seen on the stage. Mr. Cooper, also, must be mentioned with praise. He played Kent with much energy and point, and obtained his quantum of approbation. Mrs. Brougham looked Goneril far better than she acted it, and Mrs. Sterling, if she did not fulfil our expectations of Cordelia, was graceful and pathetic. Mr. Leigh Murray was wholly incompetent in Cornwall, and Mr. Fisher made but an indifferent substitute for Anderson in the character of Edmund. Mr. James Vining satisfied us in the feeble part of Albany. We should like to know who it was allowed the gentleman who acted "Oswald," to mountebank it, as though he were imitating Buckstone in one of his ludicrous assumptions? It was as ridiculous as could be well imagined. Miss Marshall looked exceedingly interesting in the "Fool," but she is not equal to this very eccentric part, nor can we much praise her singing, nor the patches of melody she sung, introduced on the occasion. We question if any singer could do justice to such tame and spiritless music. Is it the same we heard at Covent Garden some years since? We have been thus particular with respect to the cast of the play, as, from the great length of our article, we were compelled to omit, in last week's criticism, all mention of the actors, with one exception.

It is easy and yet difficult to criticise Mr. Macready's performance of King Lear:—easy, since we have nothing but terms of the greatest praise to expend; but difficult, in as much as we can hardly find language in which to convey our feelings of admiration. It was all in all one of the grandest tragic exhibitions we ever witnessed. This terrible drama in its intense lights and shades, in its alternations of rage, sorrow, love, pathos, and madness, never found so powerful a representative. From the first scene with the Fool, to his death in the last, the audience were melted and entranced. Where all is transcendent it is useless to select passages for particular eulogy. Such a display of histrionic powers, to be appreciated, must be seen and heard. The most lengthened and elaborate review would but poorly convey our own impressions. We can only say to our readers,—

GO AND LEARN,

—
Ignaté Gibsone,

A young English pianist of very striking promise, so named, has for some time taken up his residence in Brussels. Mr. Gibsone was a pupil of Mr. Moscheles, while in London, under whose valuable instruction he made rapid advances. Our Brussels correspondent alluded, last week, to a concert given by our young countryman, in conjunction with Herr Richard Wuerst, a German violinist of eminent talent. The

programme of this concert having reached us from another quarter, we subjoin an English version of it:—

SALLE DE L'HOTEL ROYAL.	
PROGRAMME	
OF A	
SOIREE MUSICALE,	
GIVEN BY	
IGNACE GIBSONE,	
Oct. 13, 1845.	
PART I.	
"Grand Fantasia," on <i>Sonnambula</i> , Piano-forte.	M. Ignace Gibsone..... THALBERG.
"Chanson D'Amour," composed and executed by	I. GIBSONE.
"Fantasia." Violin. Composed and executed by.....	RICHARD WUERST
"Original Theme." Piano-forte. Composed and executed by	I. GIBSONE.
PART II.	
"Air varié," by Rossini. Piano-forte. Composed and executed by	I. GIBSONE.
"Two Characteristic Nocturnes," (<i>Le Depart et le Retour</i>) Composed and executed by I. GIBSONE.	
"Solo." Violin. Composed and executed by.....	R. WUERST.
"Marche D'Ialy," Piano-forte. Mr. I. Gibsone.....	LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

The correspondent who sent us this programme, informs us that there were present about sixty or seventy persons, including some of the most distinguished amateurs in Brussels, and that the concert realised two hundred francs. *La Politique*, *L'Observateur*, *La Belgique Musicale*, and other local journals, mention both artists with high encomium. Mr. Gibsone, will give a grand concert in the course of the ensuing month, at which he will execute a new trio of his own composition, on which he is at present industriously engaged.

A Subject for Punch.

BY

FRENCH FLOWERS.

We understand Mr. Bunn called together, on the 23rd of last month, all the British musicians who laid themselves out for opera writers. As is to be expected, Mr. Bunn was visited by a numerous assemblage of opera aspirants, and he commenced (on his legs, on the stage of Drury Lane theatre) in an animated and poetical phraseology, the following speech—" Gentlemen, — never, since the dawn of reason shed its lustre over this benighted world, was this day so honoured as on the present occasion. When I look around me and behold the strong development of the "Divine fire" depicted on your eye-brows, and combine that with the pleasure I feel in being the humble instrument ordained to give encouragement to *native* talent, I assure you, gentlemen, my heart leaps with emotion. I need not remind you of the necessary qualifications of an opera writer!" (Here the assemblage appeared sensibly affected.) " I see from your countenances that you know them. Yes! gentlemen, you are aware that

Mozart and others, whose names I cannot *just now remember*, laboured diligently before venturing upon writing operas, and as I have learned from good authority, made COUNTERPOINT (this word turned his astonished hearers red in the face) "and RUGUS" (here many became pale), "an important and necessary branch of musical education before daring to encounter an opera. I have, therefore, called you here to day to make a proposition to you!—a course I have adopted in consequence of its having been publicly asserted that the present system in this branch of musical education is defective; and to give you an opportunity of refuting the ferocious and calumnious attacks made upon you," (some of the opera aspirants here quitted the assembly on tiptoes) "and I am proud to have an opportunity of putting to naught these monstrous charges. The proposition then I am about to make is, namely, *that those only who join the contrapuntist's society shall have their operas performed at Drury Lane*; for, as I before said, I have heard from competent authority, that those who have been the most gifted with the "divine fire" (using the phraseology of British musicians), have been best able to write noble fugues and standard operas. I will not take up any more of your valuable time (for I find many have already left the theatre), but will dismiss the subject by observing, that I shall consider the charges preferred against you less calumnious, if I find, after the reward I have promised you, that you join the society I have just named, and may be brought to believe that the prescribed exercise of that society is not altogether congenial with your education."

At the conclusion of Mr. Bunn's oration he was mortified to find, that even the most celebrated English opera writers, in retiring, looked more like the prisoners in Beethoven's opera of "Fidelio, re-entering their cells, than musicians gifted with the "divine fire,"—and he said *in his sleeve*,—"I will henceforth employ foreign composers, for they are at least more fashionable than homespun melodists."

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchetts that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!" SHAKSPERE.

NO. XLIII.

A STOLEN ARTICLE.

VERILY we are every day proving the truth of the saying, that one half of London does not know what the other half is doing. As I was, the other morning, passing one of the numerous shops established for the sale of periodical publications, my attention was arrested by a work, called "The People's Musical Journal," price one penny, which I was astonished to find had already reached the fiftieth number. I had sufficient curiosity to enter the shop; and, whilst tendering my penny for the number I had seen in the window, I inquired of the man who served me whether it had a tolerably good sale.

"Why, sir," said he, "the sale, of course, isn't like some I could name; but it's a 'pub,' that pays uncommon well I'm told." (It will be perceived that he was an illiterate man, and addicted, like many others, to a professional jargon.)

"But," said I, "is it possible that there are musical readers enough amongst the masses to support a journal of this size?"

"Spouse you don't know much about music, Sir," said he, "or else you wouldn't ask that. Why we all play and sing now, sir; leastways we try to do so; and, as we generally praise one another, we're pretty well satisfied."

There was a degree of sententiousness about this man's remarks on the subject of music, which convinced me that he had been a diligent reader of the journal in question from the commencement; and, as he drew my attention to the leading article in the number before me, as a proof that "they were determined to say what they thought if they died for it;" I resolved to read it attentively as soon as I could get a quiet half hour. As many of my readers would, doubtless, be pleased to share the astonishment which I felt at the reckless and daring style of the writer, I will quote the article entire, merely premising that, although the author has broached many new and startling ideas, they are nearly all legitimate and logical deductions from the elaborate calculations of musical mathematicians. The article has no heading, and commences as follows:—

"As we have already stated to our readers that we have but one object in view, that of advancing the cause of the noble science of music, there is little need of any preface to the following article, which, as it fully proves the truth of the doctrines so often laid down by many learned men, must, of course, be of the utmost importance both to the professor and the amateur. The professor, however, being already acquainted with most of the theories which have been from time to time advanced on the subject, it is to amateurs that we now more particularly address ourselves, feeling convinced that they must be at this moment in a state of darkness, which it is our bounden duty to enlighten as speedily as possible.

"In the first place, then, let us warn our readers against listening to an orchestra in future. In the intensity of their ignorance they may enjoy it, and they may even go so far as to imagine that the effect upon the ear is agreeable—but let them delude themselves with this idea no longer. It is proved, by the most abstruse calculations, that the whole orchestra is *out of tune*. Yes; startling as it may appear, we again say *it is proved*, and we can show it to any of our readers upon paper. It is possible that, after this warning, many persons may fly for refuge to the pianoforte: pah! worse and worse! the whole instrument is *out of tune*,—horribly, dreadfully—excruciatingly *out of tune*:—we can make it evident to anybody who understands a little of mathematics.

"Our readers may perhaps ask us, as they are thus precluded from enjoying most of the musical compositions which have hitherto been considered perfect, what we would recommend them to do under the circumstances. We will tell them.

"The first step towards the acquisition of knowledge should always be truly and truly to confess our ignorance. This principle we have ourselves endeavoured to act up to; and, as we were unable to dispute the calculations which had been made, we immediately set about tuning our ears to accord with them. We admit that we were some time before we could enter with enthusiasm into the misery which we ought to feel at the sound of the piano-forte. To tell the truth, in our days of ignorance we were wont to be much delighted with Beethoven's sonatas for this instrument;—but we nevertheless persevered in our task; and, by rigidly confining ourselves to the investigation of intervals, we confess that, even now, we experience a certain involuntary shudder when we listen to the diatonic scale.

"As, however, a few cases which have come under our own knowledge, will better enforce the truth of these new ideas than anything we can say, we will proceed to mention a few of the most prominent.

"WILLIAM GRAHAM. Had been much in the habit of attending the Opera and the Philharmonic. Heard somebody say that almost every thing that he heard there was *out of tune*. Didn't believe it at first, but thinks that by hard industry he does not experience quite so much pleasure in hearing music as he used to do. Hopes, by perseverance, to become, in time, dissatisfied with every thing that he hears.

"ANNA DE LACY. Has played the piano-forte from a child. Always liked it very much before she heard that it was *out of tune*. Thinks her master ought to have told her so when she commenced. Is certain that there are many people still who are unaware of the circumstance; and thinks it ought to be made known to every body. Will do all she can to tune her ear, and promises not to listen to an orchestra for a whole twelvemonth.

"ARCHIBALD MELLISH. Has very often amused himself by playing the violin to his sister's accompaniment on the piano-forte. Since he has become aware of what he is doing he has never taken his violin out of the case. Cannot understand the matter, but promises not to offend again. Having a little leisure and a small front garden, thinks of turning his attention to botany.

"As a proof of the effect of the piano-forte upon a musician, we know an instance of a professor who was endowed with such a sensitive ear that he had never been known to enjoy a piece of music in his life. In order to test the piano-forte under the most favorable circumstances, one of the best instruments that could be manufactured was procured,

and the professor we have mentioned, having been brought into the room, a first-rate pianist was introduced, having in his hand (unknown to the professor) Mozart's Sonata in C minor. Every body then left the room, and two persons stationed themselves at a half-opened door at the back, in order to watch the effect of the Sonata upon the sensitive ear of the musician. At first he started and merely turned, in a listening attitude, towards the instrument. Scarcely, however, had a dozen bars been played when he turned pale and looked wild. frantic cries and screams then burst from him; and, in a paroxysm of agony, he would have inflicted summary vengeance on the pianist, had not the two persons who were outside rushed in and pinioned his arms. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, they asked him how he could ever contrive to derive any gratification from piano-forte music at all, when he replied that he could only do so by *reading* it to himself and *imagining the sounds*. As soon as he heard the piano-forte, so dreadfully imperfect was the instrument, that he never failed to act in the manner we had just witnessed.

"Now many of our readers will, no doubt, ask how it happens that, as so many instruments, and more especially the piano-forte, have been fully proved to be unbearably imperfect, composers, who are said to have been gifted with the most acute ears, should have written for these very instruments without the slightest hesitation: and, moreover, how it could come to pass that so great a man as Beethoven could possibly write sonatas for the violin and piano-forte, when, if he really had any ear at all, he must have been exorcised with the effect. Our answer is bold and fearless. It is all humbug. Beethoven, Mozart, and others could have had *very little ear*, or they would never have written solos for an instrument which, according to mathematical demonstration, ought to have made them run out of the room every time it was touched. The fact is that we are now much too refined to bear the very instruments which our ancestors were delighted with. They, good easy souls, knowing that perfection in anything is unattainable, scarcely troubled themselves about the matter at all, and merely endeavoured to derive as much pleasure as they could from listening to the finest compositions played upon the instruments for which they were written.

"This, however, is no precedent for us. In these enlightened days, having once found out the defects of anything, it is our duty to stick to the defects, and not to think whether the balance is on the side of its beauties. The piano-forte and the orchestra might have been good enough for such men as Beethoven and Mozart, but having been *proved* to be imperfect, these composers must now be content to find their true level.

"It has been urged that persons with so refined an ear as we have mentioned, should quietly yield to that large majority of individuals for whom the piano-forte is quite good enough, and who occasionally experience great pleasure in attending the Philharmonic concerts; but this is fallacious reasoning: it is our place to tune our ears to theirs, and we earnestly hope that the time will speedily arrive when we shall despise almost every existing instrument, and instead of idly employing our time in the performance of first-rate compositions, establish a national school for the calculation of the pulsations of strings, in which the first mathematicians of the day shall hold professorships. We have little doubt that, by these means, not only will the piano-forte be shortly banished from our drawing-rooms, but that almost every other instrument will be fully proved to be radically defective and valueless. We shall recur to this subject in a future number."

Verses for Music,

BY

DION BOURCICAULT.

Pause not in that happy strain,
'Tis sweet to me,
It sheds a childhood once again
O'er memory.
As distant chimes their faint notes pour
Upon the ears,
As joy's last echo fainting o'er
A vale of tears—
So oft a half-forgotten song
Glad though it be,
Will waken thoughts ne'er found among
Sad melody.

Original Correspondence.

MOLINEUX VERSUS FLOWERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir, Liverpool, Oct. 21, 1845.

In your number for October 16, I perceive that some "letters have not only tumbled themselves" into the form of a correspondence, but that they have actually had the assurance to tumble themselves into the words "George French Flowers," as a signature; and that, just like their impertinence, they have tumbled themselves into the expression of an opinion upon what is, and what is not, sufficiently scientific for the "Musical World." Upon a re-perusal of this jumble of letters, I find that the gimcrack style of its composition so much resembles that of many letters which have the same signature, that I am beginning to believe that it is really a production by Mr. Flowers himself. I am right in my conjecture, that Mr. Flowers has been very wrong to pretend to any judgment at all in musically scientific matters. The judgement of a musical man who finds his opinion of the difference between the chords of the fourth and of the eleventh, upon the fact of eight and nine being seventeen, is entitled to about as little respect as that of a cabalist who holds that Judaism is exclusively true, because the aggregate numerical value of the letters in certain Hebrew names of the deity, is fifteen exactly. Mr. Flowers has said that "the eyes of all Germany are upon him!" I hope that he is mistaken; or, if otherwise, that the Germans regard him not as a fair sample of an Englishman. Even in this letter there is an example of his habitual pusillanimity. Mr. Flowers insinuates that he is gentlemanly in his demeanour, and yet has he condescended to play off a hoax with respect to Mr. Wallbridge; he has officially criticised the clumsiness of the means to avoid consecutive fifth and eighth notes in some psalm or hymn tunes, and the quality of the writing in a symphony by some pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, without the moral courage to name the authors; and he now tries to elude the castigations of Mr. Oldershaw in answer to some silly questions which he has put to that gentleman in your previous number. As Mr. Oldershaw will not fail to answer those questions as they deserve, I shall take no further notice of them than to say that the questions themselves, and his arrangement of them, expose Mr. Flowers to the suspicion of being neither a man of much mind, nor a well informed musician. Mr. Flower has damaged every thing which I have known him to meddle with. Lately, his proposal of the health of a certain potentate produced a hubbub;—his writings in praise, and not in explanation, of counterpoint and the *Fuga alla Capella* have brought them *most unfortunately* into disrepute; and, verily, were he to write about the excellencies of roast-beef and plum-pudding, or potato and point, he would drive them into exactly the same state of unmerited disregard.

Yours truly,

J. MOLINEUX.

OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Manchester, Oct. 21, 1845.

SIR.—In your last "An old regular subscriber to the Musical World," appears to be desirous that *every* particular respecting "the trial of skill" on the occasion of opening the new organ at Ashton-under-Lyne should be recorded, and mentions the names of the three "best men." As however he does not give them in the order in which Dr. Gauntlett placed them, I beg the insertion of the following statement. Dr. Gauntlett was requested to name from the candidates the three best performers and composers,—as *performers* he gave, No. 1. Mr. Oldham; No. 2. Mr. Harris; and No. 3. Mr. Booth;—as *composers*, No. 1. Mr. Oldham, and No. 2. Mr. Harris. *He refused to name a third.*

I remain, Sir,

Yours truly,

B. J. ST. J. B. J.

Reviews.

"A Practical Analysis of the Elementary Principles of Harmony." MRS. JOSEPH KIRKMAN. (Cramer, Beale, & Co.)

This treatise, which is written with unusual clearness and simplicity, is divided into four chapters and an appendix. The chapters treat respectively of Musical Intervals, Concords, the Fundamental Discords, and Modulation. The appendix gives a brief but lucid explanation of several terms and phrases which have relation to the science of Harmony. In order that the reader may fully understand the aim of the authoress, we shall insert her introductory remarks—

"In presenting this work to the musical world, it is the earnest anticipation of the Authoress that her efforts may prove efficient in a far greater degree than the generality of elementary works hitherto published. It is not with the intent or presumption of disparaging the intrinsic merits of the various writers on the theory of music, that the present work appears, but rather as an auxiliary, to lead the musical student, *a principio*, gradually forward to the appreciation of the higher branches of the science, counteracting the error almost universal in all treatises on the subject, *viz.*, that of supposing the pupil to be familiar with, if not perfectly grounded in, the first rudiments of harmony. Hence it is, to a certain extent, a just remark, how much time is expended on a musical education, and how rare are the instances of its effectual results. It is hoped that the present work, while it practically subdues all difficulties, and systematically arranges the progressive paths, will henceforth invalidate this remark, by proving that the science of Harmony is adapted to the capacity of all who will apply themselves to its attainment. The affinity between language and music is very striking, therefore the mode of acquirement in each should be the same; as in language, a thorough acquaintance with the alphabet and component parts of speech, with their various inflexions, is necessary to attain a proficiency, so in the grammar of music, the intervals with their several inversions and interminable modifications, out of which the powerful language of music is constructed, must be intimately known. To effect so desirable an end, the Authoress has invented the Model Scale, and Harmonical Circle, accompanying this work, (the Guide to them,) and compiled a Dictionary of Intervals; also a Practical Exercise Book, in which the exercises are all prepared to be filled up, by the pupil, which, when completed, will form a valuable compilation of all the essential harmonies in music. As the ear is to be educated, the development of the science will be gradually displayed, and each effect progressively pointed out for cultivation, the whole combining the mental with the mechanical powers, thereby imperceptibly leading the student, (or classes, to whom this work is particularly adapted,) to the perfect knowledge of the elements of Harmony; and an intimate acquaintance with the subject of Modulation. The work is well adapted for those who wish to attain proficiency in playing the Piano-forte; for while the Exercises, &c., are illustrative of Harmony and Modulation, they are at the same time excellent for practice on that instrument."

That Mrs. Kirkman has well carried out the intentions here expressed, will not be denied by any master or student who shall peruse her book. The "Model Scale," the invention of which is highly flattering to her ingenuity, is admirable alike for its perspicuity and completeness. It presents at once to the learner's view the proper harmonization of the scale, the dispositions of chords and their inversions, the relation of the major and minor modes, the nature and qualities of sevenths, the properties of the chromatic or semitonic scale, and the roots of chords. One week's attentive study of this perspicuous diagram will do away with the necessity of months of arduous and thankless labour. "The Harmonical Circle," in respect to modulation, is equally the foe to mystification. In a single plate you have the chain of natural modulation through every major and minor key, distinctly and unmistakeably expounded, so that nothing but sheer dullness on the part of the learner, can prevent his at once understanding and profiting by it. A series of examples for the piano-forte offers various agreeable figures of melody, or arpeggio, by means of which the student may practice the

circle of modulations with more amusement to himself than by the use of monotonous chords. The "Practical Exercise Book," is also of high utility—and a "Dictionary of Intervals," placed at the end of the "Analysis," (which declares itself to be a guide to the various diagrams we have individualized,) is worthy of no less eulogium, for its intelligibility and entireness. The Diatonic, Chromatic, and Enharmonic scales, belonging to every key, are included. Explanations of the signatures and leading notes of each of them are placed at the margin. The nature and relation of the various intervals of the scale are also clearly laid down.

In thus merely glancing at the plan of the work and the method of its development, we have paid but small deference to the talent and research it evinces. We are sure, however, that Mrs. Kirkman aims sincerely at the simplification of what has been but too long a mazy labyrinth, from which, once entered, few could escape with honor. She will, therefore, be more thankful to us for giving increased publicity to her design, than if we had covered her with a profusion of extravagant praises. To the succinctness, completeness, intelligibility, and usefulness of her work—which has evidently been a long labor of untiring love—we gladly offer our meed of homage. She has well entitled herself to the gratitude of teachers, as well as pupils, since she has saved both a world of trouble and perplexity. She has cleared away the brambles and underwood from the hitherto impeded feet of Harmony, who may now, with her assistance, walk erect, and straight, and swiftly. Mrs. Kirkman, be it remembered, aims not at developing the depths of science, but merely at preparing a clear and open starting place for the students of harmony, and this she has accomplished to perfection. We shall look forward with anxiety, however, for the more elaborate work on which she declares herself engaged (see preface), and in which we doubt not we shall find as much depth and learning as in the one before us we perceive lucidity. To conclude, it is no slight compliment to say of Mrs. Kirkman, that a woman has achieved what hitherto no one of the opposite sex has been able to arrive at—in pointing out a simple path to the attainment of the elements of harmony. After what we have advanced, it is scarcely necessary to say, that we warmly recommend this work to professors and to learners.

"Chant des Pelerins," Nocturne, Op. 19—"Trois Nocturnes," Op. 20—"Le Reve," Romance, Op. 21—"Deux Romances," Op. 25—"Chant d'Amour," Romance, Op. 26. For the Pianoforte. W. VINCENT WALLACE. (Martin and Co.)

The name of Mr. Wallace is familiar to the English public. Last season he won for himself the reputation of a brilliant pianist and a graceful composer. At present, his forthcoming opera, at Drury Lane theatre, is the general topic of conversation in musical circles. Great things are anticipated at his hands, and those who are best able to judge, *viz.*, his most intimate associates, assure us that there will be no disappointment. But our present business is with the pianoforte compositions of Mr. Wallace, which the spirited inventors and proprietors of the *Chyrogymnast* have published in a style of unusual elegance.

The *Chant des Pelerins* consists of an Introduction, of twelve bars of dramatico-religious harmony, which conducts to a melody in F, of extreme simplicity and prettiness, with a florid accompaniment, effectively achieved. The first verse occupies two pages. The second involves the same harmony, with an accompaniment of brilliant arpeggios, which Mr.

Wallace himself will not deny (and why should he?) to be modelled after the manner of Thalberg. Amidst all its showiness, this engaging bagatelle is by no means difficult to execute, and is likely, therefore, to become a popular drawing-room piece.

The first of the three *Nocturnes*, op. 20, has but one fault, viz., its extreme brevity. It is a very elegant melody, in A flat, harmonized in musicianly style. The florid bass, in page 2, where the commencement of the theme is resumed, is exceedingly happy, and the *rallentando* towards the end is charming. The second *Nocturne*, in F minor, is passionate and beautiful—it is longer and better developed than its predecessor. If we may venture an objection, it is to the short episode, in F major, page 5, lines 2 and 3, which is hardly in unison with the general tone of the *Nocturne*, and does not, like the phrase in D flat which follows, evince sufficient grace to render it an agreeable relief to the pensive character of the original theme. The third *Nocturne*, in E flat, is the longest, best elaborated, and most interesting. It is a masterly movement, founded on an ancient Mexican air, which Mr. Wallace noted down while the nuns were chaunting vespers, in the Great Convent of Carmelites, in the city of Mexico. The air is deliciously fresh and unstudied, and the use Mr. Wallace has made of it, proves him an adept in the higher order of musical writing, no less than a brilliant composer for the piano-forte. The plan of the movement is clear and well-conducted—the passages, ornaments, and counterpoints introduced, are invariably effective—the modulations are bold, and often new. In page 9, is a very agreeable sequence, which will attract the musician's attention—indeed, the whole movement is replete with points worthy of admiration.

With the romance, in A flat, called 'Le Rêve,' our readers are well acquainted. We can but reiterate former eulogies, and therefore content ourselves with saying that it combines unaffected melody and brilliant arrangement in so high a degree as must ensure it an immense popularity. It is a song without words, and it requires no words to tell that it is charming—it has spoken for itself in the language of melody and demands no other tongue. It owes, however, a shake of the hand to that elegant vocalist, Signor Marras, who has more than once interpreted it to the public. We are much mistaken, if, after Mr. Wallace's opera shall have been produced—with the success we sincerely wish it—"Le Rêve" be not on every pianoforte in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Of the two Romances, op. 25, we prefer the last, "A mon Etoile," an elegant *Notturno*, which evinces no little of the spirit of Chopin. The key is B major. The first, in E flat, is a kind of *Ballade*, by no means without merit, adorned and elaborated with a profusion of Italian graces. It exults in the enduring nomenclature (so common to lovers in the first stage of passion), "Toujours"—which alone will ensure it a large quantity of sympathisers of either sex.

The "Chant d'Amour," a charming melody in E major, is not inferior in merit, to "Le Rêve." It is equally a song without words, though the fancy of Mr. Wallace has ornamented and enriched it with an accompaniment of a totally different character. Out of a simple strain of sixteen bars, Mr. Wallace has contrived to find variety and interest for nine pages of printed music. His passages have the merit of lying well for the hand, and, moreover, have never the slightest tinge of vulgarity or common-place. The first quality proclaims him an expert pianist, the last an elegant thinker.

In conclusion, we recommend these graceful and musicianly

effusions to the attention of amateurs as well as musicians. Independent of their intrinsic excellence, they are free from the extravagance and affectation so rife among modern compositions for the piano-forte—and this alone would be a claim to our approval. D.

* * * Want of space compels us to defer till next number, notices of Stephen Heller's "Twenty-five Studies," op. 45.—Czerny's "Art de delier les Doigts"—Mr. Wallace's "Waltzes,"—and Mr. Ferdinand Praeger's Piano-forte pieces—all of which are prepared.

Provincial.

OXFORD, Oct. 21.—(From our own correspondent.) The quietude and partial oblivion in which Oxford has fallen during the long vacation, are fast giving place to the busy hum and life of Term, and the note of preparation for musical affairs is already sounded. The first concert of the present Term was Mr. Henry Smith's "Vocal Entertainment," which took place in the Music Room, Holywell, last evening, Monday, the 20th instant. Why this gentleman should follow so closely on the path of Mr. Henry Russell is a mystery which time will unravel. He sings the same songs, prefaces them with the same remarks, speaks of the music in connection with the words (to which he gives their due credit), without for a moment alluding to whom he is indebted for that music. There is something very strange in this. Mr. Smith is a servile imitator of Mr. Russell, without possessing that gentleman's taste in execution and ready method of accompaniment. In his execution of the "Maniac," Mr. Smith was much applauded, as also in the "Gambler's Wife," and the "Ship on Fire." He received five encores in the course of the evening. His version of the Negro Melodies is far from correct, and totally unequal to Mr. Russell's version. The latter gentleman elevates the character of the negro with the songs. I would remind Mr. Smith also, that these melodies are *not* the *national* songs of the United States. As an American he should be the last person to utter such a remark, and he would be giving a great offence to many of his countrymen by saying so in the "Land of Liberty." His singing of "Let's be gay" was so taking as to cause the whole of the room to join in the laughing chorus. I confess that I would rather hear an Italian vocalist in "Largo al factotum," the English version is most unmusical. The entertainment (which was announced to be repeated to night, with change of programme) was but thinly attended, not more than sixty persons being present. The annual benefit concert of the veteran Marshall, will take place next Monday, the 27th inst., at the Assembly Rooms. From the programme we have seen, it will, no doubt, be one of the best concerts of the season. He has engaged, as vocalists, Miss Lucombe, the Misses Williams, and others; and the instrumental soloists will be Camillo Sivori, Lazarus, &c. Mr. Sharpe's annual concert will also be given at the Star Assembly Room, on Monday, the 3rd of November. Mdlle. Schloss, the Misses Williams, Herr Goldberg, John Parry, Madame Dulcken, and Richardson are engaged. Yours, &c.

H. M. M.

Miscellaneous.

MISS CHRISTIANA WELLER.—This charming and accomplished young lady was married on Tuesday at Barnes Church, to T. J. Thompson, Esq., of Gloucester-road, Hyde Park. A large party of ladies and gentlemen, including "the imitable Boz," graced the ceremony with their presence. The bride and bridegroom left town the same day for Tonbridge Wells, *en route* for Italy, where they intend to pass the winter.

MADAME ANNA Thillon is at present at Mons, in Belgium, where her performances are highly successful.

JULES DE GLIMES, the talented conductor, and professor of singing, will arrive in London, next week, from Brussels.

ON MONDAY and Tuesday last we were highly gratified in attending two concerts, given by Mr. Rollins, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street. Miss Whitnall, Mrs. Sunderland, and Mr. Ryalls, were the principal vocalists. Mr. E. Smith presided at the pianoforte, and the justly-celebrated flautist, Mr. Carte, delighted the audience by playing, with the most perfect artistic skill, several beautiful airs, each of which was enthusiastically encored.—We sincerely hope we shall soon have another opportunity of hearing Mr. Carte. Miss Whitnall sung several exquisite German songs, and, although these compositions are not likely to attract the multitude, they must always, as sung by Miss Whitnall, be appreciated by the refined musician. We were particularly struck by her dramatic style in giving the "Earl King," which brought into full power her magnificent voice. Mrs. Sunderland received a hearty reception, and sang charmingly "The Mocking Bird," and the Echo Song with Flute obligato, both of which were encored. This lady appears to be a great favourite here, and deservedly so. Mr. Ryalls was in excellent voice, and received great applause; indeed the concert gave universal satisfaction to all parties present.—*Liverpool Journal*.

MR. CLEMENT WHITE, the vocalist and composer, has commenced the study of a series of Irish dramatic characters. He will open his campaign next week, at the Theatre Royal Northampton. Mr. White was advised to this step by Mr. Charles Kemble, the celebrated comedian. His friends anticipate great results for him in his new career.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS will probably give a series of six concerts, at the Hanover Rooms, with a grand orchestra, in place of the usual second series of Chamber Concerts. The general meeting of the members will take place at Mr. Era's on the 3rd of November. A great number of new members are to be proposed.

MEYERBEER is on the point of leaving Paris, to fulfil his engagements at Berlin. He will consent, it is said, to the performance of his *Camp of Silesia*, at the Opera Comique, being much pleased with the tenor, M. Roger.

MADAME RACHEL. This celebrated tragedian is among the engagements of Mr. Mitchell, for the French performances at the St. James's Theatre, now about to commence.

EXETER HALL.—The Sacred Harmonic Society commence proceedings to-morrow night week, with Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

MESSRS. MARTIN AND CO., the proprietors of that ingenious mechanical invention, the *Chirogymnast*, have removed from their old residence in Piccadilly, to a house in Old Bond Street, lately occupied by Hill and Co., where they have made extensive alterations and improvements.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Anderson, and Miss Helen Faust, have been performing at this elegant and fashionable theatre, to excellent houses, in the *Lady of Lyons* and the *Hunchback*. We shall give a lengthened notice in our next number. The old comedy by Murphy, *The Way to Keep Him*, has been revived with success.

SIGNOR COSTA and Mr. Balfé have arrived in town. There is a rumour that the former is engaged as perpetual director at the Philharmonic—we know not how true it may be.

MR. HENRY SPICER, the author of *Honesty*, has taken Covent Garden Theatre. He will open at Christmas. Preparations for the Pantomime and other novelties, are already in action. Mr. Macready, it is reported, as also Miss and Mr. Vandenhoff, are among the company engaged.

MADAME PLEYEL.—The town of Liege has requested this celebrated pianist to perform at a Concert for the benefit of its poor, which has been sometime announced. The fair artist has, however, declined. We are not aware of her reason, but no doubt we shall hear of it from our Brussels correspondent.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The second chamber concert, on Monday night, attracted a very large audience. The programme was well arranged:—

Trio in D, No. 1, Op. 70, piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Miss Binfield Williams*, Mr. Thirlwall, and Mr. W. Lovell Phillips	Beethoven.
Glee, "Ye spotted snakes," Miss D'Ernst, *Miss Duval, Mr. Wrighton*, and Mr. Ferrari.....	Stevens.
Canzonet, "When I dream that you love me," Mr. Wrighton.....	F. B. Jewson.
Song, "Ah! why do we love," Miss D'Ernst, (An Adventure of Don Quixote)	G. A. Macfarren.
Quartet in G Minor (M.S.) two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. J. Banister, Newsham, Hill, and W. Lovell Phillips.....	Henry Graves.
Chamber Trio, piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. Rae*, Thirlwall, and W. Lovell Phillips.....	Sterndale Bennett.
Two Songs, Mr. Ferrari	Sterndale Bennett.
Quintet in E flat, No. 1, Op. 4, two violins, two tenors, and violoncello, Messrs. J. Banister, Newsham, Hill, Westlake, and W. Lovell Phillips.....	Beethoven.
Glee, "See the chariot at hand," Miss D'Ernst, Miss Duval, Mr. Wrighton, and Mr. Ferrari ...	Horsley.

Director for the Evening, Mr. C. E. Horsley.

The difficult trio of Beethoven gave Miss Binfield Williams an opportunity of evincing her very striking improvement as a pianist. She played with great precision and good style, being admirably supported by Messrs. Thirlwall and Lovell Phillips. The quartet of Mr. Graves, which pleased us so much last year, pleased us even more on Monday night. It is assuredly the best work of its composer, and was excellently rendered by Mr. J. Banister and his associates. The exquisite trio of Sterndale Bennett was interpreted with great energy by his pupil, Mr. W. Rae, assisted by Messrs. Thirlwall and Lovell Phillips. Mr. Rae has already earned laurels as a composer, by the first movement of a symphony, which was highly approved of by the Committee at a recent trial of works by members of the Society. As a pianist, our young musician evinces equal promise of excellence. The quintet of Beethoven received ample justice from the performers, and warm applause from the audience. The vocal music was unusually good. The glee was nicely rendered. Mr. Jewson's canzonet, a very elegant composition, displayed Mr. Wrighton's voice and manner to decided advantage. The lovely song from Macfarren's *An Adventure of Don Quixote* (a MS. opera, from which the present song gives reason to hope for great things) was very chastely executed by Miss D'Ernst, a débutante of much promise. The two songs of Mr. Bennett, "Musing on the roaring Ocean," and "Gentle Zephyr," (from a set of "six songs") have been too often praised by us, to need our comment at this moment. Mr. Ferrari, whose improvement is remarkable, did full justice to them. He was loudly applauded in the first, which he sang to perfection. Mr. Jewson and Mr. Bennett accompanied their respective songs, and Mr. Charles Horsley the other vocal pieces—we need not say admirably. Mr. Walter Macfarren, by the way, accompanied the song of his brother, of whom he is a right worthy pupil, with great taste.

* Their first appearance at these Concerts.

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